

Snowfall

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/25246927) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/25246927>.

| | |
|------------------|--|
| Rating: | Mature |
| Archive Warning: | Graphic Depictions Of Violence |
| Category: | F/F |
| Fandom: | Kill la Kill (Anime & Manga) |
| Relationship: | Jakuzure Nonon/Kiryuin Satsuki |
| Character: | Jakuzure Nonon , Inumuta Houka , Kiryuin Satsuki , Kiryuin Ragyo , Sanageyama Uzu , Gamagori Ira |
| Additional Tags: | Implied/Referenced Child Abuse , Unresolved Tension |
| Stats: | Published: 2020-07-13 Words: 4740 |

Snowfall

by [Lightbringer34](#)

Summary

Ragyo Kiryuin invites the Elite Four to join her for tea and reveals an unpleasant discovery.

Notes

I love the characters, dynamics, and storytelling potential hidden behind Studio Trigger's anime shone structure. Kill la Kill is really more of a tragedy dressed up in the garments of an action show. It's about a broken family, a horrible abusive monster, and how her family survives her and triumphs against all odds. Satsuki is easily my favorite character because she's so layered and rarely shows her true feelings, so I wondered what it would take to let the mask slip. I also thought about what other or past Kamui were like, if the Life Fibers helped accelerate human development, there would be interesting stories to tell there.

Kiryuin Satsuki had mixed feelings about snow. When she was alone, it allowed her an excuse to sit inside with any number of books, drinking Soroi's tea and looking out over the Kiryuin mansion's back garden. The wide-open areas covered in clean snowfall and the lightest sugar-dust topping of snow on the trees and bushes spreading until the entire world was purest white. A blank canvas that held potential and limitless opportunity until the doors opened and human interference marred the landscape. At those times she could almost understand the Beast's hatred for the countless imperfections of humans and pigs in human clothing. But Satsuki also remembered why she feared the snow. It meant she would also be stuck in the house with the Beast, the corridors and expansive rooms of the mansion becoming an elaborate game of cat-and-mouse. Trying to avoid her mother without actually avoiding her. The servants could never be counted upon besides Soroi and her Elite Four, on the hideous occasion they had been snowed in together five years

earlier.

Satsuki had never been quite certain just how much her subordinates knew about what went on in the Kiryuin household, beyond that Ragyo was exceptionally dangerous and to be obeyed without question.

As their leader, Satsuki could never show fear, but on that night, when all five of them were “invited” to Ragyo’s study for tea, she knew they saw the shudder of fear that passed through her body as soon as the servant had turned his back. But she had stood and they had fallen in line behind her, steps echoing through the wood-paneled corridor in unison. Satsuki had felt Gamagoori lift one massive hand to rest on her shoulder, only to withdraw it at the last second. Even that might have been a mistake, for Ragayo and Nui had eyes everywhere, but she was grateful for the gesture. He was, as he so often liked to say, Lady Satsuki’s unbreakable shield, but even his bulk couldn’t protect her from this. If anything, she had to protect them. Satsuki let out a sigh that was covered by the sound of the study doors, heavy oak, groaning open.

Ragyo’s study had once been filled with books on human biology, medical studies, language, psychology, and business, for in her youth she had been just as formidable as Satsuki was now and equally as dedicated to her task. That that task was the enslavement of the human race or the creation of Life Fiber hybrids did not diminish the formidable intellect that had been twisted into madness by the Life Fibers. Now, the study walls were filled with trophies or experiments. Spools of Life Fiber thread with varying properties, preserved animals altered by the alien parasites, and rare historical texts detailing the influence of Life Fibers on human history. But her most prized possession stood on a mannequin behind the desk which dominated the space.

Ragyo waved them in as they entered, her low contralto ostensibly welcoming but every one of Satsuki’s commanders could sense the madness swirling just below the surface.

“Welcome children. My dearest apologies you remain stranded here with Satsuki-chan, but it does allow us this wonderful opportunity to get to know one another more. My daughter, you are so wonderfully busy with the plans for your academy, you really should come home more often. I have missed you so.”

Satsuki bowed her head in contrition and formed her stern features into an expression of regret when it should have been one of revulsion.

“My deepest apologies mother. I only work to fulfill your highest expectations.”

“As you should, but do remember to come home when you can, or at least come with me to REVOCS for a working vacation once in a while. There are *such* sights to see.”

“I shall make every effort, Mother.”

Ragyo nodded, abandoning the conversation as Soro entered with his platter, bearing both his delicate china tea set and bowls with accompanying mikan oranges, strawberries, and warm bowls of chocolate. As he began to distribute the dishes, Ragyo turned to Nonon, her smile warm.

“Jakazure, I understand you have something of a sweet tooth, so I took the liberty of adding these few delicacies to our affair.”

Nonon grinned, pleased that she was being catered to, but her smile froze, and she glanced towards Satsuki who shifted her head ever so slightly. She had told Ragyo nothing, so the Beast was getting

information from somewhere. A sweet tooth was not a critical weakness, but Satsuki could feel the others tensing slightly in their chairs as they took in the silent exchange.

“Thank you for going to such effort Lady Kiryuin. I am impressed you remembered me at all. You must be so busy with your work, and especially the new expansion.”

Ragyo waved a hand dismissively.

“Nonsense! I always make time to pay attention to those Satsuki takes an interest in, especially when it offers the opportunity to indulge a little. After all, we must take every opportunity to indulge in life’s *true pleasures* as we go about our work, right my dear?”

The look she gave Satsuki was anything but subtle as Ragyo took her sweet time dipping one of the strawberries into the chocolate, then slowly sucking it all off. Once the fruit left her lips, every seed had been stripped off and Ragyo examined it with satisfaction.

“I must confess strawberries always puzzled me, for they wear their seeds on the outside, baring everything to expose themselves and their imperfections while most fruits bury their secrets and their seed inside where no one can see their shame.”

She glanced to her left where Inumuta, Sanageyama, and Gamagoori sat and winked at Gamagoori. Satsuki was suddenly incredibly grateful Gamagoori’s complexion hid the blush he was surely feeling, as did Inumuta’s high collar. Sanageyama’s expression was the most visibly uncomfortable and Ragyo pounced on the Kanto delinquent.

“What do you think Sanageyama? The Kanto region is known for its fruits, and I understand your parents run a shop in that area. Any thoughts to share with us?”

The kendo master recovered well, nodding and reaching one of the mandarin oranges from the silver tray.

As he reached out, Ragyo pulled the platter backward, forcing him to stand to reach the oranges. His button-down shirt of dark green shifted under his well honed muscles and the others saw Ragyo eying the man’s exposed collar bone and visible muscles with a hungry expression that Sanageyama chose not to acknowledge. He raised his eyebrows at the action, but retrieved an orange and sat.

“Once again Lady Ragyo, your knowledge of all things between heaven and earth dwarfs mine in many areas.”

Ragyo frowned at him as he kept his eyes resolutely on the fruit. “False modesty does not serve you Sanageyama, nor does feigned ignorance. Come, add to the discussion”.

She bent forward and her arm somehow reached across the space between them to tip Sanageyama’s head up to meet hers. The distance had required the delinquent to stand to reach the oranges, but Ragyo had not moved from her seat. It wasn’t blatant, but her arm was just a bit too long for Inumuta’s comfort, let alone the proportions of normal humans. Nonon drew in a sharp breath, but the room was silent.

Sanageyama began peeling the orange, his fingers working automatically as his eyes never left the red of the Kiryuin matriarch.

“I only know what I remember from my childhood Lady Ragyo, and that was long ago. I recall

bringing the harvests in during late autumn and how to search for the insects that might spoil each one, or the signs of rotting fruit. Nothing fit for an evening such as this, when harvest is long finished.”

He gestured out the window at the hillside of the Kiryuin manor, where snow was still falling in torrential cascades.

“I’d much rather focus on all that has happened since and all I have accomplished, rather than memories of bugs unfit for a lady such as yourself.”

Ragyo laughed, a full laugh that tilted up as it trailed off and every member of the Elite Four stiffened in their seats. There was madness in that laugh. Gamagoori was rigid as a board and Inumuta’s hands were digging into the plush armrests while Nonon crossed her arms in a subconscious defensive gesture. Even Sanageyama’s normally deft fingers, that Satsuki had seen twirl a wooden sword like it weighed nothing at all, faltered and he nearly dropped his orange.

“Oh Sanageyama, now I see why Satsuki keeps you around. Such a clever little monkey.”

She gestured and Sanageyama handed the orange back, completely peeled and flawlessly smooth. Ragyo held it up to the others, turning it to examine all the angles.

“So good with his hands as well.”

Another look at Sanageyama as she rolled the fruit in her hand before dividing it into six pieces, which she distributed. They wordlessly accepted them, chewing slowly as Ragyo turned in her seat to regard Inumuta.

“Tell me Inumuta-san, you’ve been so helpful to the Kiryuin cause, but are you a student of the histories? My daughter’s library is filled, but I was curious about your thoughts on the subject.”

Inumuta swallowed his fruit and shook his head. “Unfortunately not, Lady Kiryuin, my work focuses on the present and the future, not the past.”

“A pity.” The Kiryuin matriarch gestured at the shrouded mannequin behind her, a silent sentinel to the entire conversation. “Can any of you guess what is beneath this cover, what article of clothing is fit to grace my private study beyond all others?”

Sanageyama shook his head, while the other offered opinions.

“The first Goku Uniform?”

“One of the Grand Couturier’s creations?”

“The newest line of REVOCS?”

Ragyo shook her head at each answer, but Satsuki had yet to speak.

“What do you think it is my darling daughter?”

Satsuki sat impassively, giving nothing away. “A Kamui”

Ragyo’s grin spread from ear to ear and her face gained the same hungry quality it had as she had looked at Sanageyama, Satsuki, or any member of the human race who had been unlucky enough to gain her interest.

“Only Satsuki was close, but even she dared not dream of what we have remade.”

She stood, throwing the white cloth away from the mannequin in one swift movement, but no one saw the cloth hit the ground for their eyes were fixed on the blindingly white garment underneath. Though a simple kimono of the kind worn in dozens of traditional Japanese ceremonies, this one glowed with the same inner light Satsuki or Ragyo could emit when necessary. But while Satsuki’s was a strident gold and Ragyo’s a multihued lightshow, the kimono glowed a heady orange, flickering around its edges as if the garment had already caught alight. It had red threads sewn into the sleeves and hem in a flame motif, and as Ragyo gazed into its light, the moan of arousal she made found its own echo in each of them.

Gamagoori and Nonon staggered as if struck, while Sanageyama and Inumuta collapsed as their muscles gave out. Satsuki remained standing, but she clenched her hands so hard her nails drew blood. The single red droplet that rolled down her palm did not fall, but floated outward, towards the glowing garment. Satsuki did not notice as she struggled against whatever it was the artefact was doing to her. Her hand itched for Bakuzan, for any weapon because at this moment she wanted that clothing above anything else, to wear it forever, in ecstasy. And that made it possibly even more dangerous than Ragyo.

Her mother’s left hand had drifted down under the hem of her dress while the other reached down to the cloth she had removed a moment before. With another cry of longing and disappointment, Ragyo flung the cover back over the mannequin and collapsed back into her own chair. The sensation and the light instantly vanished, and the next few minutes were silent, save for gasps of breath as the human and not-so-human occupants of the room remembered how to breathe. Ragyo smiled an exhausted but pleased expression of post-coital bliss directed at her daughter even as the Elite Four dragged themselves back into their chairs.

“The tea will calm your hearts and lessen the effects, children. Such a magnificent garment, but not one to be used for even the grandest ball. A shame.”

Satsuki was the first to speak, as the others reached for teacups with trembling hands. Nonon didn’t bother with etiquette and downed her cup as if from a shotglass, then moved to refill it.

“What was that...Kamui, Mother?”

Ragyo’s smile never left her face as she reached for her own cup.

“Not *a* Kamui, my daughter, but the first. The very first Kamui ever created by humans. Supposedly worn by the goddess Amaterasu, passed down to Konohanasakuya-hime, who in turn passed down her mortal line, but it was lost before it could be gifted to Hikohohodemi, and down the ages to Emperor Jimmu. If it was found, it would have made the Sacred Treasures of Japan four instead of three.”

The Kiryuin matriarch took a long draught from her own cup and set it down with a steady hand.

“I sent Hohomaru to find records of ancient Kamui last year and she brought me back many scraps, but nothing truly special. Scraps of clothing worn by kings, queens, or priestesses, but they were similar to Goku Uniforms. Nothing like a Kamui until she found *this*. Mere scraps sealed in an airtight box deep beneath a shrine.”

Satsuki raised an eyebrow as Inumuta began discretely typing notes on his phone and her mother continued.

“We lost seventy-three of REVOCS’s best tailors repairing it. Even the Grand Couturier.”

At that, there were gasps and shock around the table. Gamagoori nearly stood up again, but his muscles had not recovered and he fell back once more. Nonon began listing off the REVOCS members her father had worked for, and Ragyo admitted that more than a few had been devoured by the garment. The pink-haired girl managed to avoid crying, but the devastation was plain on her face. Ragyo sniffed and turned away.

“It is unfortunate, but their families will be compensated. More importantly, they sacrificed themselves to bring this divine clothing back from the sin of its desecration by humans. I have spoken with Harime Nui and she has agreed to take the post of Grand Couturier in place of Master Sakichi. But not even she can work with this clothing and be unaffected.”

With a sigh, Ragyo looked up from her cup and addressed Satsuki directly.

“That is why I brought you five here. Along with Satsuki, you teenagers have the strongest resistance to Life Fibers and I wished to see if any of you could stand in its presence. You have all failed.

The simple statement was like a slap across the face to Satsuki. She knew her mother tolerated her Elite Four as Satsuki’s commanders and now years of work and comradeship stood to be destroyed. They knew too much and when involved with the COVERS behind REVOCS, there was only one kind of release. A wild thought in her head urged her to throw herself at Ragyo Kiryuin or to leap to the fireplace at the opposite end of the room and beat her mother to death with a poker. She resisted the urge the same way she resisted all the urges she had because of Ragyo Kiryuin. She shoved them down deep and imagined a future free of her mother, free of COVERS and the Life Fibers. She imagined Bakuzan impaling her mother’s heart, the way it was meant to be, the image she dreamed of since she was six years old. She shook herself back to awareness, aware her mother was still talking.

“-the work you continue to do for Satsuki and for REVOCS remains of the highest quality. So having asked my councilors and the new Grand Couturier, I would know your thoughts on this Kamui. I have my own desires,” Ragyo cast a longing look back at the covered mannequin, “But I know I am not of the clearest mind on this matter. Speak plainly.”

Gamagoori scratched the back of his head in amazement and to cover the questioning look he shot Satsuki, who sent the same look back to him.

“Lady Ragyo, we would not presume to advise-“

“If you can give advice to my daughter on conquering Japan, you can give advice to me. Enough stalling.”

Unsurprisingly, it was Nonon who spoke first, her long history with the Kiryuin family giving her the familiarity to overcome the tension in the room.

“Auntie, the Kamui is certainly gorgeous and you’ve gone to a great deal of effort to restore it, but if that’s what just seeing it did to all of us, I don’t think anyone can wear it. It’s too dangerous.”

Inumuta spoke next.

“Agreed. As useful as it could be in assisting our conquest, or the efforts of the Kiryuin family, we do not know how far its effects spread, or if it is possible to be used. It could even devour you, Lady Ragyo. More data must be gained through study, or simply by leaving it under that cloak.”

Gamagoori nodded, his bulk twisting as he made to gesture at the covered Kamui, but stopped as Ragyo's eyes widened. Faster than their eyes could follow, her hand darted out, grasping for the small droplet of blood that spread itself on the clean white cloth that covered the Kamui.

Something underneath roared and bright red spikes tore through the covering and imbedded themselves in the opposite wall as Satsuki dropped to the floor. With the covering only partially lifted, the pleasure that hit all of them came in waves rather than the steady stream from before. The Elite Four backed away to the walls, eyes searching for anything that could be used as a weapon while Inumuta ran for the door, shouting for security. One of the spikes launched itself in his direction, sensing movement, only for Ragyo to grasp it in both hands. To their shock, her own finely manicured nails, with skin models would have died for, began to blister, peel, and then burn. An angry red glow began to spread across her hands and finally burst into flame. The expression on her mother's face spoke of great pain, even when Satsuki thought the Beast could no longer feel anything, but the noises she made spoke of pleasure beyond description.

Satsuki kicked her chair upwards, forcing the hardened cloth up and away.

This is not how you die, Mother she promised silently. I will be the one to kill you and I will not be sacrificed to this piece of clothing like the rest.

The cloth spikes withdrew from Ragyo and the walls, rearing like snakes about to strike as Gammagori and Nonon fended them off with chairs, taking turns as the waves of pleasure hit each one of them Ragyo stood motionless, staring at her hands, oblivious to the violence around her.

"How could you strike me? The one who brought you back?"

Her face darkened into fury and she clenched her fists. On the floor Satsuki saw that expression and despite herself, despite years of training and self-discipline, curled into a little ball and sobbed. That was the face she had feared since her earliest years, since Father had disappeared, since she had grown up alone in a house with only Ragyo Kiryuin for company. That face was why she avoided her mother. That face was why she hated snow storms, why she tried to cover herself as much as possible in winter, fall, and spring. The Beast was home.

The Beast launched itself at the cloth-covered garment in an inarticulate scream of rage that made Satsuki instinctively cover her head.

I have not made her angry. I have not made her angry. It's not me! It's not me!

Focusing on that mantra, Satsuki drove herself to her feet to see the Beast ripping great chunks out of the Kamui with her bare hands, even as they burned red, then white, then black. Her mouth was moving, she was shouting something, but Satsuki couldn't hear her. Perhaps she didn't want to. Years of pain and pleasure from the same despicable source, crystallized into one moment, and Satsuki felt her eyes well up despite herself. Angrily wiping the tears away with a sleeve, she saw Sanageyama at the other end of the study gesture to her and throw something the length of the hall. Her arm reflexively caught the pitch black knife by the handle.

It looked very, very old and she would later learn it had been woven, then forged by the Rarámuri people of central Mexico over a thousand years ago. A mixture of stone, bronze, and Life Fibers, it was one of the earliest artefacts found by COVERS expeditions and had put them on the path to forging Bakuzan. This was a knife designed for the same purpose: to cut Life Fibers. Satsuki only saw a weapon and she launched herself at the struggling pair, unsure of who she would strike once she reached them. The Beast or the Godrobe? One she dearly wanted to kill and one who might be

the greater threat. She let out a yell that matched the Beast's in ferocity and plunged the knife down.

Ragyo fell to the ground, blood and steam pouring from her arms as Satsuki's knife carved through the Kamui like butter. The Kiryuin matriarch looked up to see Satsuki abandon any pretense of composure or training. The knife rose and fell, stabbing and carving through the Kamui even as it pulled its spikes back to defend itself against this unexpected opponent. Later, Satsuki would hear from the Elite Four of her outburst as she was lost in the moment. A decade of abuse of all kinds poured its way into her arms and her mind as Kiryuin Satsuki's ironclad walls fell. She was, in that moment, not too different from the Beast, from the **Life Fiber Thing** Ryuko Matoi would become years from now in the Honnouji Arena. She went a little mad.

By the time Inumuta returned with two dozen COVERS guards and tranquilizing darts, it was all over. Ragyo Kiryuin's study was ruined and the Lady herself would spend days in the medical wing, to her own quiet shock. The wounds inflicted by the "Fire of Amaterasu" were slow to heal, even for a Life Fiber Hybrid and would leave star-shaped scars where they pierced through. Satsuki would spend the next two weeks comatose, drugged into oblivion by the doctors as her own injuries were healed and a further week under observation. She spent most of that week quietly building herself back into the Kiryuin Satsuki she needed to be. As always, she pushed everything down and remembered the sight of Ragyo Kiryuin in pain. It was not a happy memory, but it gave her purpose. She supposed it was something of a psychological patch job, but she would deal with it later. When COVERS had been destroyed, she could deal with everything she had been putting off.

As she slept, Ragyo saw the Elite Four. At first they were not admitted, but when Gamagoori simply picked the orderly up and walked in the door with him, they were allowed in afterwards. They took shifts watching over their mistress, their leader. Ragyo considered most humans to be a disease upon the planet, one of the imperfections worth only to be cleansed by the Life Fibers and COVERS, but despite herself, she was impressed. She had thought them only minor distractions, tools Satsuki used to advance the goals of COVERS, but now she saw they were more like Hohomaru or Nui were to her. Useful tools, yes, but valued enough to be spared from Amaterasu's Godrobe.

She saw Inumuta sit quietly next to her daughter, typing away quietly, but always ready when a machine beeped or a saline drip needed to be replaced. She saw Gamagoori stand quietly next to the bed like a statue, eyes stern and constantly watchful. She saw Sanageyama move quietly through Kendo forms, his footsteps nearly imperceptible, and his voice lowered in the repetition of Men, Dou, Kote. Lastly, she saw Nonon simply sit next to her daughter, reading quietly and occasionally looking at her daughter with such a tender expression that despite herself, Ragyo Kiryuin remembered when Soichiro used to look at her that same way. Such a foolish man.

Once the Kiryuins had recovered, Ragyo had the Elite Four brought down to the basement of the Kiryuin mansion, to the room that housed Junketsu, the second sleeping Kamui. They stood at attention as Ragyo and Satsuki looked across at Amaterasu, pinned to the wall by tranquilizing darts, chains, and a large iron cage for good measure. Dark red eyes glared out at them from the collar, but its influence was bound within its cage and it was impotent. Ragyo looked at it with no

small measure of betrayal but Satsuki's glare could have lit the Life Fibres on fire all on its own. With a sigh, Ragyo nodded her head and the gas jets inside the cell were set alight. The Kamui roared and thrashed as it died, burning in the one substance that could destroy even the powerful Life Fibers. In that moment, as they looked into the burning fire, Satsuki felt a small bubble of pity surface from her vast frozen lake of vengeance. They were destroying something dangerous, but also very old. Something that had once been worn by a Goddess, that had shaped the history and myth of Japan. Perhaps there had been other artefacts like this one, perhaps they were less dangerous, perhaps more so. Still...

"It's a pity," she admitted. "To see something so pure destroyed and defiled in the interests of the greater good."

Her mother was holding back tears, but nodded in assent. "It truly is, my daughter."

Nonon shot Satsuki a warning look and said nothing.

The six of them stood in vigil until the Godrobe was reduced to ashes and its cries had long since died out, but found themselves reluctant to turn away. Even in death, the garment had a hold on them.

Satsuki turned on her heel with a decisive click, and the Elite Four followed. They met Hohomaru at the door who fell into step beside them. "Your orders, Milady?"

Satsuki's expression could have been carved from marble. "Destroy every record of this garment's existence, Hohomaru. Burn every document, eliminate anyone else who knew where we found it. If even my mother is not immune to its destructive potential, it could endanger the Original Life Fiber itself. A rebellious offshoot must be crushed once it is discovered. Do this in the name of the Kiryuin family."

Hohomaru bowed and departed without a word. As soon as she was gone, Sanageyama spoke.

"Do you think she'll do it? Your mother might stop her."

"If I present the case to my Mother, she will understand. She won't be happy, but she will understand. This way I will further cement my loyalty, just as your services in this incident have convinced Mother you are worth keeping around."

Inumuta was next. "This all stinks of a setup, Lady Satsuki. The garment was clearly dangerous beforehand, but she wanted to test us, perhaps you in particular. Your.." he paused, uncertain how to broach the topic. "Outburst when you carved up the Godrobe was not obviously incriminating, but revealed potential emotional weaknesses--"

"My mother is well aware of my weaknesses, thank you Inumuta," said Satsuki shortly. "She planted most of them herself. As long as the full truth of our operation is not known, the plan continues. Come."

She stormed off ahead of them, grip tight on the small black knife at her waist. The Elite Four had a silent but furious argument in battle-sign, but followed behind her. No matter what indignities Lady Satsuki had endured, or what they had to endure in her service, they were committed. She was their Lady and Commander, and they would follow her to the stars and beyond.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!